

## **My Traumatic Experience Living With @/kinniebeats and @/addisonstars\_**

Um, hello. I'm not really sure how else to start this exactly, so I'll just get to the chase or whatever and say this is a Google Doc about my experiences and time living with Rachael "Rae" Mills (@/kinniebeats) and the Twitter artist Addison Foraker (@/addisonstars\_). Living with these two ended up being a very traumatizing and terrible experience for me, and for the longest time I've been made to keep quiet about everything that happened with the two of them. It's hard to do so, but I think I'm finally ready to come out about this, and share everything.

I struggled to think of how exactly I should go about organizing this, and I decided it would probably be best to just go over a timeline of my time living with the two of them, and writing down anything notable that happened. Admittedly, it will take a bit to get to a lot of the really bad stuff probably, but I ask that if you read this, please be patient with me and read the whole thing if that's okay. I don't consider myself good at writing and stuff, so this may still be kind of a mess, but I'll try my best, and I will tell everything with complete honesty and to the best of my memory, including times when I made mistakes.

As much as I want to talk about some stuff that I've seen them do to others, I'll try to mostly keep this about my experiences unless it was really bad stuff I witnessed, and for the most part, others will be kept anonymous.

Also since a few parts of this will involve some sensitive topics, I'll color the text in those parts as a content or trigger warning.

Red - Self-harm

Purple - Suicide

Some more disclaimers before I start, relating to current events at the time. I've been working on this doc for over 3 months now, spending a lot of time to make sure that everything is as good as possible, and while I've been working on this, another doc was released by several other people about one of these two. I know of the doc, and have read a very tiny bit of it (I was recommended to not read anymore for the sake of my mental health), but I wanted to just mention that I do not have any affiliation with it, and do not know most of what was in it.

Also, at the time of finishing this, I'm aware that Rachael has maybe been having a rough time, both due to the other doc and unrelated stuff, and as a result, I've been conflicted on when would be best to release this, like if it would be better to wait until they're doing better, or if it would be better to just release it now while the topic is already on people's minds. After a lot of thought and discussing it, I decided on the latter. If I made the wrong choice here though, then I apologize.

I went to live with these two in January of 2021. This was after a very long, scary, and difficult fight to safely get out of my abusive house with my mother, a place that was and still is very dangerous, abusive, and unsafe, and has given me a large amount of trauma throughout my life that I still suffer greatly from. Thanks to the efforts of many people, including a successful GoFundMe that raised \$2000, and a lot of help from someone close to us all, who I will refer to anonymously as NR, I was eventually able to escape from here and go to live there. Everything did not go perfectly, and my time getting there was very scary, but in the end I was just happy to finally be out of my mom's house, and to be living in a place that I thought would be safe.

The first few weeks there I spent mostly adjusting. I have spent the majority of my life in one place and around the same person, and regardless of how awful that place was, change has always been pretty difficult for me, so it made sense that I needed a bit to get used to everything and stuff.

The biggest problem I had during my early days there was eating. Because of a phobia I have, along with some other lesser fears, I felt very very afraid to go into the kitchen there to prepare food and stuff, and I tried to avoid it if I could. They told me early on that they order food from DoorDash and stuff a lot, and they were generous enough to get me something small when they ordered food, so most of the time I ate was then.

I want to take the time to try to explain my phobia if thats okay. I guess the best way to describe it is that I can't handle things getting messy from food, like stuff like people stepping in food, getting stains on their clothes, holding and touching things with messy fingers, and other stuff like that, even if its just me seeing it happen and doesn't directly happen to me if that makes sense, so places like kitchens, restaurants, food courts, etc. have always been very very difficult and uncomfy places for me. This phobia has been acknowledged as one by my therapist, but it does not have a specific name to my knowledge. Its probably a very weird and hard to explain phobia, but I know that I did tell them about it before I went there.

Despite this though, it seemed like they didn't care much or didn't get it. The house was always very messy to some extent, with a lot of stuff that triggered my phobia, such as food on the floor and counters, tops to sauce cups being stuck to stuff, and a lot of other stuff like that. There were also multiple times where they would drop pizza on the floor right in front of me, and just...leave it there.

It made me sad that they didn't seem to care much about my phobia, and I felt too scared to remind them of it or complain and stuff (which given a lot of things I'll talk about later, it's probably good that I didn't), but at the same time, even if it is a legitimate phobia, I'm not sure if I can really expect people to change their lifestyles and stuff for me and all that. I just wanted to make mention of this stuff to give an idea of how difficult this was for me to deal with and stuff.

My eating habits in my first few weeks there were very unhealthy and not good, which I fully admit to. Because I was so afraid to, I tended to avoid going into the kitchen as much as I could,

and mostly only ate when they offered me stuff from DoorDash, and as a result, I mostly only ate once every other day, a few times even going 2 or 3 days without eating, and when I did eat, it was rarely ever anything more than something small from where they got food from, or in the few cases where I was able to force myself to get something from the kitchen, just something like a single piece of bread or a Pop Tart was all I could bring myself to eat. I was struggling a lot, and it understandably caused concern.

At one point, a bit over 2 weeks in I think, NR talked to me about it, and how I needed to try harder to get over my phobia and get better at eating and stuff or else I could die or deal with serious health issues, and also mentioned how Addison had complained to them about having spent a lot of their money on food for me (I didn't have my money card for a while, so everything I got from DoorDash had to be through them). I didn't realize that that was happening, and I felt really bad for it. Afterwards, even though it was still a very gradual process, I pushed myself harder to try to eat more and to not make them have to spend more money on me for that. The next morning after hearing about that, I also made sure to give Addison \$100 (that's around how much they would have spent on food for me), to apologize and make up for that. We hugged and everything seemed like it was okay. Little did I know though that something really suspicious had just happened, without me realizing it until months later.

I want to take the time to mention something from early on, which I think I should have maybe seen as a red flag at the time. What they said about them ordering food a lot was true, and in Rachael's case, she mostly bought Chik-Fil-A, at least around every other day, even though she knew about that company and what kinds of things they do, and to make it worse, almost every time she got it she walked past us with it while ironically yelling stuff like "Homophobic chicken!!! :D" and "lol I'm homophobic!!! :D". I think needless to say, it made me very uncomfortable. The very first time she got it while I was there, even though I don't think I showed any discomfort, she took the time to say "yeah, I eat Chik-Fil-A" and followed that by actively mocking people like me who don't feel comfortable eating there, saying "lol I really shouldn't act like not eating Chik-Fil-A would make me morally superior. After all, McDonalds also does some bad stuff too!" It was something that I kinda tried to brush off at the time because she was my friend, and I thought that she probably meant well, but thinking back to that now, just holy shit.

As time passed, not a lot changed for a while. I was gradually getting more comfy and used to living there and stuff, and was also still trying my best to gradually get better at eating and stuff. I eventually trained myself to be able to cook a few foods in the microwave, and was getting better and stuff, though it was still difficult, and even though they weren't ordering food for me anymore mostly, that problem was fixed, I still wasn't eating every day again at that point yet due to still having reluctance with my phobia, and also oddly not feeling much of an appetite some days.

There was a week or so where one of their partners visited us (she did absolutely nothing wrong and I remember her being a great and nice person), and during that time, they were all ordering food from DoorDash constantly, multiple times a day, but they never offered me any or asked me if I wanted anything or anything like that. That would be perfectly fine, and I mean, it still is I

guess, but there were also multiple times where Rachael came into our room where me and Addison stayed, and asked Addison if they wanted anything, while completely ignoring me. I was asleep sometimes to be fair, but there were also times she did this when I was fully awake and everything. Like, it wasn't a big deal I guess since I could still go get a Pop Tart or something when I needed to eat and all, but I guess it just made me sad because I felt like I didn't exist to them or something, and didn't feel like a part of their house and stuff if that makes sense.

It was around the middle of my time there that I ended up making a mistake one night. One night I ended up having a bad panic attack, and caused some trouble for my roommates as a result. I don't remember if it was over anything specific, but it was late and I was alone one night, and I began to have a pretty bad panic attack. **During this, I also was admittedly self-harming.**

**If I can take a bit to talk about self-harm and some other stuff, it's something that I usually didn't and nowadays don't struggle with, but a long time ago, and during my time there, it was a small thing that happened with me from time to time.**

I didn't realize it at the time until it was kinda too late, but one of my medications that I took previously before coming there, which I was forced to abandon since I had to escape from my mom's house and wouldn't have been able to afford it, helped me a super lot when it came to depression and stuff like that, to the point where I know now that I honestly maybe kinda need it to function okay. Without it, my depression and anxiety got gradually significantly worse, and bad habits like that which I had previously not had to struggle with, began to get much harder for me to control with withdrawal.

But anyways, during this panic attack I was having, I accidentally bumped into one of the walls next to my bed, and as a result I woke up Addison by mistake. The next day, they talked to me a bit about that, and scolded me a bit, and like with the food thing, I tried harder to control those bad habits, and also made more of an effort than ever before to be quiet at night because I felt really bad for waking them up. I did still admittedly struggle with that stuff sometimes, but even when I did, I at the very least always made sure to be quiet.

During this same conversation though, they also took the time to talk to me about other concerns and problems they were having with me, the main one being that I wasn't great at communicating. Communication is something I have always struggled with, due to stuff like my shyness, being used to not being able to be open about stuff in my old house, and also feeling scared of bothering others if I vent or stuff like that, so I've often just used my private Twitter if I've needed to vent stuff, or vented to someone I was most comfy with. I've come to realize that I struggle a lot with stuff like this unless I'm super comfortable with someone. They never liked this though, and talked to me about how they wanted me to try to be more open with them and stuff when I was having issues, and how they were frustrated with only finding out problems I was having through my private or through NR. This made sense to me, as even though most of my problems were just stuff out of their control like feeling sad or depressed sometimes (which

they would end up wanting me to tell them about too I guess), I understand that they would want to know about other stuff I was maybe struggling with, and so I agreed to try to gradually work on this, which I did. This seemed like it would be okay and all, but I came to eventually learn that they weren't going to be patient or understanding with me on this at all, and I would eventually get pressured hard over it, but we'll get to that later.

Another thing they brought up to me related to a GoFundMe that we had for a while. From the start of my time there we knew that we needed more space, since our apartment at first was very small and already cramped, and we had plans to bring more people over to live with us eventually, some of which also lived in abusive places, and really needed a better place to live as soon as possible and stuff. I was worried about said people a lot, especially as someone who had just escaped from a very abusive place, and understood the pain a lot, and because of that, I wanted to try my best to help push and spread our GoFundMe. I also did admittedly want to move into a bigger place as soon as we could for some personal reasons too, mainly just that the small environment without much privacy was rather scary and not healthy for me, but mainly, I was just getting increasingly worried about the others who were continuously struggling from their environments, and wanted to help them desperately. I tried as hard as I could to push our GoFundMe often and try to spread it and all that, and the two of them told me here that they didn't like that.

They criticized me and told me that it was bad of me to try so hard to spread it and stuff, and that I should just relax and let it happen whenever it happens or whatever, despite us not being anywhere near close to our goal, and the others still being in danger. They did bring up one thing, which I can understand, being that I mentioned their abusive situations during my attempts to push the GoFundMe without asking them first and stuff, and I understand that being a problem, though this only ever came from the two of them, and the others never expressed any discomfort or anything to me themselves. Other than that though, I didn't get why they had a problem with me trying to push and spread the GoFundMe and stuff, especially when it was something that benefitted them, and something that they started and all that, to this day I still have no idea why.

Thinking back to all of that now, I also seemed to be the only one in the house that really cared much about the GoFundMe. I don't remember the other two ever saying much or showing much concern about it, or helping the others get out and move in with us like we planned. I remember Rachael never showing much if any concern about them, to a degree that it was maybe a bit concerning, especially given one of the people was a partner of her's. She came off as very content with not bothering much with the issue.

There were two other things I remember from this conversation. One of them was when Rachael took a jab at me for not having my art commissions open, which I had closed still since I was still struggling with stuff like depression and art block, and was still working on getting to a state where I would be able to healthily do them again. I also didn't have stuff like my money card or social security number so I wouldn't have been able to access my PayPal at the time and would have only been able to have money sent to someone else's. She didn't say much about it, but

expressed frustration in me for it, despite me dealing with a lot at the time (this will come up again a little later). The other thing I remember was that they talked to me about and criticized me for not feeling like enough of a part of their house, and feeling as if I barely existed there to them a lot of the time, which thinking about that now, considering the stuff I mentioned earlier where they kinda treated me like I didn't exist, I'm not sure how to feel about this either. Something they did mention during this though was that I DID contribute plenty financially and stuff, which is something else I'll get back to later.

Before I move on to other stuff, I need to go back to the night where I messed up and accidentally woke up Addison, as even though this was during a mistake on my part, how they acted during that time doesn't feel good thinking back to it. As I said earlier, I woke them up accidentally while in the middle of a bad panic attack, and they saw me having it and all that. They never said anything to me or came to me to help or anything, which is fine, I could see someone maybe feeling too scared to approach me or something in that situation, but what they did do was immediately go to their private Twitter (which I followed and could see, and since I had my private's timeline up at the time, I saw it update and stuff), and immediately started subtweeting me because I woke them up and was having a panic attack. I guess I don't feel comfortable with someone's immediate thought when they see their friend in that situation being to subtweet them right in front of them, something that could have possibly made their situation worse.

I guess to add to this, Addison was also someone that had claimed to love me, and had admitted feelings for me and asked for a relationship with me, so coming from someone like that especially, this feels very uncaring and shitty thinking back to it, regardless that I also made some mistakes here.

Addison has shown a bad lack of care and been kinda shitty with partners and people they love on several occasions when thinking back. Something I remember from even before I went to live with them was one day on Twitter where they started publicly bitching about how shitty a Christmas present they got from one of their partners was, and how much they wanted a new one instead. I noticed this and even at the time this didn't feel right to me, so I kinda called them out for it, asking them "wasn't this a present from one of your partners?" and their response was just "oh, well I picked this out myself, so really it's my fault and so its okay for me to shit on it like this!" At the time, like with Rachael and the Chik-Fil-A stuff, I just tried to ignore it since they were my friend, but to be honest even back then this felt kinda shitty still, especially since, as someone who knows said partner well, this definitely seemed like something that could have made them very depressed.

Another thing I remember from them was at some point during my time there, they played some game that they hated, and they made it into a big joke among their friend group and on Twitter and stuff. The thing is, one of their partners really liked that game or at least had special attachment to it and stuff, which Addison knew about, but even so, they still continued to make it into a big joke and also go off about how it was one of the worst things they've ever experienced, with no regard at all to their partner's feelings.

Honestly, there's still more that I know of like this, and probably worse, such as them ghosting and neglecting partners, being horribly dismissive of them, and other stuff, but for safety reasons, I don't want to go into detail about them.

I guess moving on now, eventually in the mail I got my money card back from where I lived before finally, and along with that, family people also told me that I was still going to be getting disability money (\$500 a month) and that it was going to be added to my card as I got it and stuff. This was good news, though there were also some details to it that were kinda confusing. For one, I didn't know if that money was only supposed to be spent on essential stuff like food or if it could be spent on anything, and I also got told that I was maybe required to spend most of it throughout the month, both of these things I got multiple answers and stuff for, some of them from friends, and so I didn't know, and honestly still don't really know how it worked (and considering I'm leaving the US soon I don't really care).

Not knowing this stuff, I decided to mainly use this money to buy food for myself through DoorDash every day, since that was something that would count as essential, and I would end up gradually spending my money that way, it felt like a safe thing to do. At the time, I had still been working on being better at eating, and though most of the time I did only eat just a Pop Tart, I was getting better and was doing okay at that point, still though, my phobia was still there and going into the kitchen to prepare food and all that was still scary and stressful for me, so not having to worry about that anymore felt appealing. This way, I could have one less thing to worry about, at a time when I was also struggling with stuff like depression and wanting to focus more on things like my art, and it meant that I would at least definitely be eating a more healthy amount again, and could even look forward to it since a lot of the things I would end up getting was kinda comfort food. Also, I wouldn't be spending any of Addison or Rachael's money, this was all just money given to me from the government, and I could even buy food for them too sometimes finally, which excited me. I even got to sometimes order stuff for our house like toilet paper or self care stuff, and this also made me happy, as I felt like more than ever I was being able to contribute. Nothing about this really seemed bad or anything, and everything seemed okay.

One night when I was there, Rachael and Addison were talking in front of me, with Rachael spending literally over 6 hours straight talking to Addison about how their mental health is more important than their art and commissions, that they should feel free to take a break if they feel like they want or need to, how doing so wouldn't make them worthless or anything, and other stuff like that. This would be fine, but then I remember that not long before this, Rachael had openly scolded me for not having my art commissions open while I was still trying to deal with mental health struggles and trying to get to a point where I was healthy enough to do them again, pressuring me to open them again and stuff, and when I remember that, this feels like some double standard shit that kinda hurts.

I'll talk about this here even though it was a recurring problem, because I don't know where else to fit it. So when it came to laundry, we didn't have a washing machine or dryer or any of that,

but Rachael said that she would just bring our clothes to her parents' house for washing and stuff since they had one. She said that she would do this, but she never brought our clothes to be washed once in the entirety of the time I was there, meaning that I had to go months without any clean clothes or towels, especially since I didn't have a super lot of clothes that I was able to bring with me. The one time she ever mentioned having done laundry, it was only for herself and her own clothes, not bothering with ours' even though it had already been months at that point. This maybe isn't the worst thing ever or anything, but still something I wanted to mention.

At an earlier point, we managed to get a new house that we were preparing to move into, and eventually that day was soon, and the house was being prepared and stuff. One day Rachael went to the new house to start setting things up there for when we moved in soon, and also showed me the house in a Discord call. At this point, she also mentioned to me where they decided each of us would end up staying in the house, which they never asked me about, and just kinda assumed that I would be okay with. The thing about the new house is that it only has 2 bedrooms, and one living room area with the kitchen in the middle of it. This meant that, when considering both the 3 of us and also NR who would be joining us in a few months, unless both rooms were shared by 2 people, one of us would need to stay in the living room/kitchen area. Initially, she told me that they decided I would stay there, while they got the 2 bedrooms. I didn't immediately say it, but this would have been terrible for me, for a number of reasons. Like I've already mentioned, I have my food phobia, and so being that close to the kitchen and also having my stuff that close, especially with how careless these two have been with that stuff, that would have probably been very triggering for me. On top of that, I already struggled some with privacy issues in the house we were in, since I shared my part of the house with Addison, and also because the door to Rachael's room was right behind me, and she could come in at any point without warning, which due to some trauma from living with my mom, that always felt really scary for me. In this situation, I would have been in the middle of the house, where both of them would have been coming in and out of their rooms where I was and stuff, and I would have also been directly in front of our front door, and she also had people coming there sometimes too. Everyone would have been looking at me and seeing everything I do constantly, and for a very shy and timid person like me, that would have been actually fucking terrifying, and I wouldn't have even felt comfortable sleeping honestly.

Even though doing so was very scary for me, I absolutely had to speak up and be open about this, and so later I did, and tried to negotiate a different arrangement with them. We talked about multiple different options. With what they had proposed, NR and Addison would have been sharing a room, and since NR was close with both of us, at one point I asked Addison if they would maybe feel comfortable in the living area instead, and me and NR share one of the rooms. They specified to me though that NR apparently specifically only wanted a room with Addison, so that wouldn't have worked, and we just moved on to discussing other possibilities (I'm mentioning this because it becomes important later on). Eventually though, we did find an arrangement we were all comfy with, and so we moved on and everything with this seemed okay.



I guess at this point it's time to move on to when we moved into the new house, and it was around this time when things began to get REALLY bad. My lack of one of my medications was catching up to me, though I didn't realize that at the time, and my depression as a result was already beginning to get very bad and very hard for me, and would only get worse as time went on, and the day we moved from the original house to the new one was a terrible and scary day for me that was very hard to get through.

I had been told the night before that there would be people from Rachael's family coming throughout the day to help us move our stuff to the new house, however, I definitely misinterpreted how it would go. From what I understood, I thought that this would be a gradual thing and that they would be coming throughout the whole day and stuff, but that wasn't the case. What actually happened was a swarm of people (mostly strangers to me and also a lot of conservative people that would have been super judgemental to me) all came at once to move all of our stuff at mostly one time. I was not prepared for that at all, and because of that and being also very afraid of all the strangers, I panicked really bad and had to hide in the bathroom for a while. During this time, they took almost all of my stuff, including a lot of things that were important to me and that I didn't feel comfortable with others handling, and also the box that had my masks in it before I was able to grab one, which I needed for traveling to the new house, and this all made me more scared and more panicked.

Eventually, most of them were gone and I was able to finally come out of the bathroom. I was still very shaken by all of this though. At one point Addison I think noticed me kinda shaking and asked if I was okay, but after all of that I was very nonverbal at the time, and couldn't manage to get many words out. At this time, I also faced the problem that I wanted to be able to help them and stuff now that I was starting to calm down a bit and be able to, but at that point, most of our stuff was gone, except for really heavy stuff, and since I'm very physically weak, I tried my best to help (while also having to try to keep my shirt over my mouth and nose to protect myself), but I wasn't able to contribute much at all, and I felt really really bad for it. I felt very useless that day.

Eventually, all of our moving was done and we made it to the new house. Not a lot else happened that day at this point, I just felt very mentally drained. At one point, I still needed to set up my computer again, and since I'm not knowledgeable with tech stuff and afraid of messing stuff up, I asked Addison really quick if they would mind helping me set it up. They said they were sorry but they still needed to set up stuff in their own room at the time, and so they couldn't. I understood and said okay and all that, and then went back to my room to see if I could manage to figure it out, which I eventually managed to do thankfully. (I'm bringing this up because, again, its gonna come up later)

This is another small thing I remember and don't have anywhere else to fit it. I remember one day overhearing them talking and bringing up how Rachael retweeted nsfw art of Mii Gunner on her main Twitter, even though she has plenty of friends that are minors who follow it, and when it got brought up it just got brushed off as "haha silly Rachael" and "haha funny Mii Gunner." I felt like bringing this up because maybe its not the biggest deal or whatever, but this and other stuff

like the Chik-Fil-A stuff I mentioned that she did a lot, kinda illustrates to me how Rachael kinda had a tendency of doing or saying shitty things, but just getting a pass for them because "its just her being funny and quirky!" which is something that I know is something other people in the past have been noted doing, including by them.

Since it's kinda related, I wanna mention that I also remember, thinking back, that Rachael would often bring up stuff in calls and other public places like her masturbating, fetishes, and other horny stuff like that unprompted, which, again, would always just be seen as her being funny and quirky, when in reality, this kind of stuff was pretty gross thinking back. To be honest, I don't remember if she even had the decency to not do that stuff when minors were around either.

After moving into the new house, my depression got significantly worse, and would eventually get to dangerously low levels. I think having to adapt to a new environment again was playing a part and stuff, but mainly I think it was, again, my lack of medication really catching up to me at this point. Living and getting through each day was very hard at this point, and most days, not feeling motivated to even wake up, I couldn't do much else but just sleep very late, a lot of times until 8 or 9 pm. This was my schedule for most of the time from this point on, and I barely interacted or spoke with Rachael and Addison unless they needed something. I think once Rachael asked me to help her take out the trash, which I did, but other than that, I can't think of much else I did other than mostly sleep, then wake up, shower, order food, and try to talk with others for a while. I also tried my best to draw, but at this point just as comfort or for fun, I was in no position at all at this point to be opening commissions.

One night, I checked our fridge because I wanted something to drink for the night. I noticed a Sprite, and I thought it was one of the drinks that they had bought just for all of us and stuff, so I took that and drank it that night. The next morning, I was still trying to fall asleep, and suddenly I heard from across the house, Rachael began banging on Addison's door, and when they opened it, she asked if they had taken her Sprite that she apparently got for just herself, and she sounded really pissed. At this point, I realized I had messed up, and with how mad she sounded, I felt super terrified, and it was really hard trying to make myself sleep. After I woke up, I apologized to her for it as hard as I could, and also told her that the next time they ordered drinks and stuff that they could use my money for it as a way to try to make up for it. She seemed to forgive me and said it wasn't a big deal, and so everything seemed fine with this too.

At some point, as I was still dealing with bad depression and all that, I began to feel more and more trauma from back when I lived with my mom. I always did have trauma from it, but I guess at this point I noticed it was flaring up a lot more than before if that makes sense. I talked about how I was feeling a little on my private, and a friend of mine who suffered from PTSD talked to me about how I seemed to be experiencing symptoms of it. I asked about it more and came to the conclusion that it was a very strong possibility and that it made sense. Since I was still trying to gradually get better at communicating with them and stuff, I felt like this was important and I wanted to talk to them about it. It was a bit hard trying to figure out when to do it exactly, especially since Rachael was I think a bit stressed at the time, and I was scared of bringing up

something potentially uncomfortable for her, but still, it was something I planned to talk about with them.

From this point on, this is when the really bad stuff began to happen, which would come to affect me even to this day.

One evening, I woke up and stuff and checked Twitter for a bit before getting up to take a shower and stuff. I noticed that something with my private Twitter was a bit off, but at the time, I didn't think to look into it for the time being. After I took a shower and all of that, I eventually got called into the main room because the two of them wanted to talk with me.

Really quick before I get into it, I just want to take the time to say now that there were two of these conversations that happened within a few days of each other. I remember most of what was said during them and I'm going to go over them both, but with a few things I have trouble remembering which one they were a part of. It shouldn't affect much but I still wanna apologize in case I place some of them wrong.

Anyways, I guess the best way to describe this first conversation is that it was supposed to serve as a warning for me. Even though it had only been a month or so since the last conversation, and even though I had still been trying to gradually get better at communicating and stuff, I was told that I still wasn't doing good enough, and that they were frustrated with me. They also mentioned a lot of other things here.

They brought up the last conversation we had, and told me that I had lied to them and denied **self-harming** at the time. To be honest, I can't confirm or deny this. If I did deny it or anything, then that was bad of me and I apologize, but to tell the truth, I have no memory of ever denying it, or of even being asked if I was or not.

A big thing they talked to me about at this time was the day we had moved to the new house. They told me about how useless I was at the time and how little I had helped, and did not care about how I was panicking and hiding in the bathroom at the time. Addison also mentioned to me how they asked if I was okay at one point, and how I wasn't able to say much due to being very nonverbal at the time, criticizing me for that and saying "well, if you can't answer me then I can't just sit around and make sure you're okay, I have stuff I needed to do." They also were very mad at me for being able to kinda express how I was feeling to NR and a tiny bit on my private, even though doing that stuff through text has always been easier for me.

Addison also brought up when I asked them if they could help me set up my computer, saying how they were angry and offended that I had the audacity to ask for help with something, after I had been of no help the whole day. The two of them also criticized me for needing help with that and other stuff in the first place, specifically mentioning a chair I had in a box in my room still, but was hesitant to put together myself since I'm not knowledgeable about putting stuff together.

They told me "you're an adult, you should be able to do things like this on your own" which, thinking back to, doesn't feel right, and maybe feels a bit ableist too, and also like something

someone like my mom would tell me. I'm not sure to be honest, but regardless I've felt scared to ask anyone for help with anything ever since then.

They also brought up the thing with me accidentally taking the bottle of Sprite, even though Rachael had told me before that it wasn't a big deal and stuff. Even though this was just a one time mistake that I apologized and tried to make up for and stuff, they took this and made it into a big thing about how I take stuff from them without permission and stuff and freeload off of them or whatever, even though I really didn't at all. The only other example they brought up was that one time I may have taken a disposable razor I think that was only meant for one of them, but that also would have just been a small mistake, and not to mention I remember asking about stuff like that before taking anything. They took one or two small mistakes that I made, which again, I apologized for and told them they could use my money to make up for, even though they never did, and they twisted this into a big thing when it never was at all.

At one point they were talking with me again about the last conversation we had had, and I had forgotten or didn't remember I think one or two small things, and Addison responded by saying "it's concerning to me that you've already forgotten EVERYTHING from the last time we talked" even though that wasn't true in the slightest and they were basing this on me not having 100% flawless memory of it.

They also brought up the discussion we had about the room situation before we came to the new house, telling me how it was really selfish of me to ask for a different arrangement because I wasn't comfy with the one they picked, and also brought up how I suggested the idea of NR maybe sharing a room with me if she and Addison were okay with that, and told me how selfish and terrible that was of me to suggest since NR had apparently specifically only wanted a room with Addison, even though I was never told that until after I asked about it. Even at the time, I remember thinking "yeah...I'm sorry for having the audacity to think that maybe someone I was super close with would be okay with sharing a room with me too.." It also doesn't feel good that, despite all the criticism and pressure being given to me for not being the best at communication, they responded to one of the times I did manage to open up and be honest with them and stand up for myself and my needs and stuff like this, getting mad at me for doing so.

At some point in the conversation, when I don't think we were talking about anything in particular, I took the time to try to talk to them and tell them about how I thought I had been suffering from PTSD possibly, since the opportunity was there, and I wanted to be open with them like they wanted me to. They seemed to respond okay and even told me that they could see me having that given what I had been through at my old house, and that seemed like the end of it.

One more big thing they talked to me about was that they, especially Addison for some reason, were pissed at me because I mostly ate food from DoorDash instead of in their house. This confused me because at this point, they weren't paying for any of that, and I was just getting it with my disability money, which, again, I had to spend to my knowledge. This wasn't like the beginning where they were offering to order food for me and stuff with their money, at this point I

was just getting comfort food for myself as a way to spend my disability money and as a way to help myself deal with things easier and all that, there was literally no harm done to them by this, and this also had nothing to do with money or the food being unhealthy for me or anything either.

Addison told me that it was really disappointing that I had gotten better at being able to deal with my phobia and stuff and be able to prepare food and all that, only for me to abandon that once I was able to buy my own food, but it's not like I was unable to do that or that my progress meant nothing or anything, I just had a different option that seemed better for me. They argued that they were mad because I was unable to or refused to eat the food there or something, and this was entirely based on one night where my DoorDash order got messed up, and since it was past midnight, really dark, they were asleep at that point, and I also just didn't feel hungry anymore, I decided not to eat that night even though I was a little grumpy. Just like the Sprite thing from earlier, they were taking one or two small things with me and twisting it into something much bigger.

There was also the fact that, again, Rachael also ordered Chik-Fil-A and other food from DoorDash almost if not every day, yet they were only getting pissed off at me for this for some reason.

I tried to explain to them the stuff with my disability money and having to spend it and stuff that I mentioned earlier, but as soon as I did, Addison replied saying "well see, thats the problem, you just kinda heard something and went with the first thing you heard." This confused me so much.

I had mentioned to them that I was getting multiple different takes on that stuff, some of them from friends, and I tried to just go with the safest seeming option, so what the fuck are you talking about? Also, I'm sorry? I'm sorry for listening to stuff I find out?? At this point, I wanted to also try to talk about the other stuff like wanting to save them resources and other stuff, but after that, I just kinda felt defeated and gave up. I felt like I was getting demonized and seen as bad for literally everything I said at this point, and trying to explain or defend myself, even if I needed to, felt pointless.

This honestly feels even worse thinking about it now and realizing what that maybe really meant though. I began to consider the possibility that I was suffering from PTSD symptoms after a friend told me about it and I asked others about it and stuff. Given the timing, it feels possible that that was meant to be a jab at me thinking I had PTSD and for self-diagnosing and stuff..

They also tried to be controlling of when I went to sleep at night, despite me explaining that I had people that I wanted to talk to and only really could late at night, and with I think the only reason being that it would maybe lead to me being less useful to them during the day and stuff.

They thankfully weren't as pushy with this as they were with the food stuff though.

After everything in this conversation was said and stuff, they told me to work on stuff again, mainly getting better at communicating and doing more to help them and stuff, and told me if I didn't soon then I would maybe need to start looking for somewhere else to go live, even if it

meant going back to my mom's house, the place that I had worked so hard to escape, and the place that gave me so much trauma. Rachael told me "trust me, I would not be doing that in good conscience if it comes to that" but given the stuff that would happen later, this was a very blatant lie.

I tried not to show it too much, and tried to be positive and even asked if it would be good to maybe look into possible places I could go just in case (though I didn't know any at the time), but the pressure was on more than ever at this point, for not only me, but also for NR, who really just wanted everything to work out like we had envisioned it. At this point, I had a couple of months to get better at communicating, and to get over my depression and other stuff, or else I would be leaving.

At the very least, the conversation seemed to end in a nice way, with them saying how we were still great friends and talking about how they were glad we could still be such great friends and have fun and everything even right after a serious conversation like this. Despite everything, I could at least go back to my room afterwards with the thought that things were at least still good between us and that they were still my friends and stuff, but even that wouldn't last more than a few minutes.

I mentioned before that when I had woken up that day, something seemed off with my private Twitter but I didn't look into it. After all of that was over, I went back to my room to relax and stuff and then I decided to actually check my Twitter again, and I found that Addison had kicked me from their private, and unfollowed mine too, without saying anything to me about it. Not only that, but they did this before the conversation we had, and even during that conversation, nothing they told me would have been reason to cut someone off or anything close to that, so I began to fear that they were hiding something from me or hated me behind my back, despite all of the pressure that was being put on me to be open with them and stuff. I felt very afraid, and unfortunately, this would just be the beginning to the hell that would happen later.

After this point, I felt and was put under more pressure than ever to desperately try to fix myself, to make myself better at communicating and more useful to them, while also still dealing with very bad depression, a spike in bad trauma or PTSD responses, and now the pressure and fear of Addison to add onto it all. Things got so bad and stressful for me that there was a point where I was being looked down on and scolded for even using my private at all anymore, because I should be telling everything to them instead. It was an incredibly scary and stressful time, and looking back now I question if all of this was really okay over just me struggling with communication and depression, but at the time, I didn't really have the option to think about it too much.

About a day or two after all of this, family people contacted me, and told me that because I was out of my original state for so long, my disability money I got from the government would be getting cut off soon, and I wouldn't be getting any more of it. This meant that I would have no more regular income after a while longer, so I now had another thing to worry about, especially since my depression was still very very bad and I was in no position to be able to do

commissions. I told them about it, which Rachael confirmed with me later in the day, and that was it for the day.

Literally the next day, I was called into the main room again because they wanted to talk to me again. Rachael told me that they had thought about it, and after learning that I wouldn't be getting disability money anymore, they decided that if I can't even provide anymore money now, then it would be best for me to just start looking for a new place to go, in other words they were kicking me out.

During this time, they also took the time to criticize me more. Addison told me how everything had been "very trust breaking," even though the stuff I was doing was mostly only stuff like struggling with depression and communication issues, so I don't get that at all, I wasn't doing anything to hurt them or wasn't lying to them or anything. Similarly, Rachael had told me how I had been stressing her out a lot, even though I was mostly keeping to myself and sleeping, and had barely interacted with them for weeks at that point.

The two of them also brought up how it was shitty of me to bring up my PTSD to them in the last conversation, and I think were telling me how I was using it as an excuse or a shield, when I was only trying to share it with them because I thought it was important and that's what they wanted me to do. At one point when they were talking about money stuff, they also said "if you really can't do commissions right now because of your PTSD" or something along those lines, once again throwing shade at me for not having them open, and saying I was making excuses for it. They also criticized me for asking after the last conversation if I should try to ask or see about options in case I did have to leave and stuff, with Rachael saying that meant that I had already given up, and had no intention of trying to improve myself, which wasn't true at all.

At one point Rachael also told me that me saying my struggles with trauma and depression and stuff made it difficult to do a lot was an insult to her, since she also dealt with those things.

I tried to explain myself and talk about how I was feeling and stuff, but while I was doing that, the whole time Rachael had a face filled with disgust and hatred. It was horrifying at the time, and to be honest, even now it's burned into my mind.

There was one more thing in this conversation though that I haven't mentioned yet though, because it's important and I wanted to make sure to give this a lot of time.

At one point, they were scolding me for either my dependency or for the food stuff again, and Addison had brought up the thing from very early on again to shame me, even though it hadn't been a problem since then, and hadn't been mentioned since then either. They said "NR even had to pay me \$300 to make up for the money I spent on food for you." I just accepted this and took it and stuff at the time, but something about this didn't seem right, and after looking into it, yeah, there's a lot to unpack here.

First of all, even though this was months ago at this point, this was the first time I ever heard of NR giving them money for that.

The really really concerning thing though was the amount. At the time, I was never told any specific amount of money that they said they had spent on me, only that they “had spent most of their stimulus check on me” and unfortunately, at the time I had no idea how much a stimulus check was, so I didn’t have any reason for concern, and figured that it was around \$100 since thats what I added up that they would have spent. Now though, I was given an actual amount, and though I didn’t think too hard about it at the time, it didn’t feel right. I went a while, I think a little over a month, before looking into it, trying to tell myself that I was maybe crazy, or remembering something wrong, or something along those lines, but eventually, I decided to look back at everything, and I found that I was unfortunately right, something was very wrong with this.

The problem with \$300 is that it doesn’t add up, like, in the slightest. I’ve looked back at old messages to check, and I was told about them using most of their stimulus money on me and all that on January 24, though since that message was sent a little after midnight, it’s more accurate to say it was the 23rd when I found out about this and made sure to try harder and stop relying on food they bought for me to eat and everything. I got to their house on the 7th, so this would have been about 16 days that that stuff was going on for. In that time though, like I mentioned before, I did not eat every day, I typically was only eating once every other day, and sometimes went 2 or 3 days without eating, which even they can attest to, meaning that in those 16 days, I would have only eaten less than 8 of them. Not only that, but there are other things to keep in mind as well. For one, Addison was not the only one to get food for me sometimes, as Rachael did some days as well, and the \$300 was what specifically just Addison spent on me from what they told NR. Also, when Addison offered to order food for me, the most my food ever costed was around \$15, and that was not every day either, as some of those days I only got something like a \$1 chicken sandwich and drink from McDonalds. With these things in mind, in less than 8 days, there is no possibility, no matter how I’ve added it up, that Addison would have spent \$300 on food for me, it wouldn’t even be that much if I combined what both of them spent.

Maybe they would have spent that much on food in general if we’re talking about them also getting food for themselves and Rachael, but this was specifically about them getting food for me (and btw, if it ever comes to looking at receipts or something like that, I’m familiar with what I eat and could easily pick out the food I got for myself and stuff). The \$100 that I gave them to make up for it would have covered around what they spent, probably a bit more actually (and btw, they brought up me giving them that money in the conversation, saying how it wasn’t a bad thing that I gave them that, but they complained that I didn’t pay them back more).

After realizing all of this, the thing thats troubled me with this has been why this happened. Please trust me when I say that I have spent several months now thinking hard about this, and considering several different possibilities, trying to look for one where this was just a mistake and where there would have been nothing scummy or bad having happened, because I really didn’t want to think that that was the case. I really have tried my best to think of something, but I haven’t been able to. This was too big to have been a silly mistake or anything like that, and any



other alternate possibility I've thought of has been a stretch and wouldn't make sense. I think what makes this a lot more damning is that they themselves brought up the \$300 in the conversation and scolded me about it the way they did, meaning that they knew and were completely aware of how much money they said they spent and got from this and all that. Also, maybe it's not actually related, but I checked (before they privated their account), and they bought a PS4 only about 4 days after getting the money from that, which feels like very suspicious timing, especially also considering that they were desperate to get one at the time. Another thing I remember that maybe doesn't mean anything is that when NR was talking to me about this, they specifically mentioned me getting pizza ordered for me, which I remember finding odd since I never got that while I was there, they were the only ones who ever got pizza, but I'm not sure if that was just NR making a guess and using that as just an example of food or something, or if that was something they were told.

As much as I didn't want to believe this, it's the most likely explanation for this given everything. Addison lied. They lied to someone about me and how much they had spent on me behind my back, and took \$300 from them. Addison very possibly manipulated and used both of us, and at a time when both of us trusted them completely and had no reason to think otherwise. Thinking about this makes me feel very upset and honestly angry.

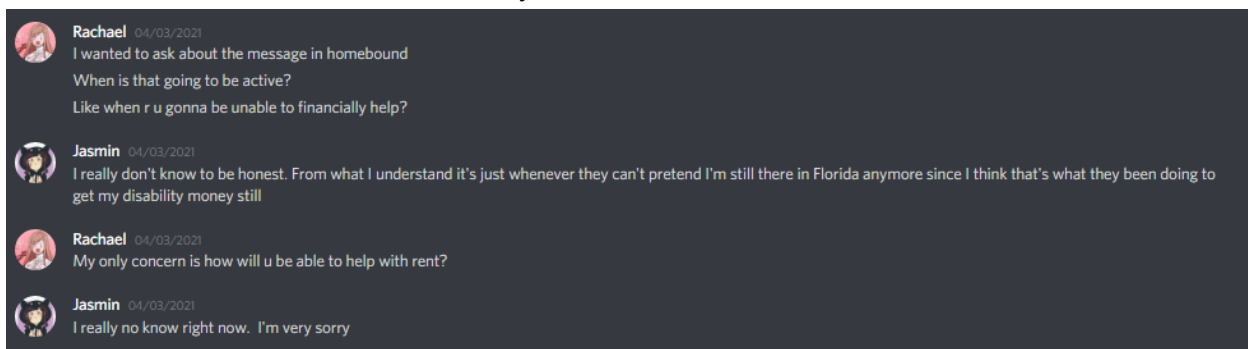
I guess to get back to the timeline now, the conversation we had that night was over, and I was being kicked out. They told me I had until the end of April to find a new place to go and get out of there, since Rachael apparently was going to be busy with school stuff in May I guess, and said she didn't want to have to deal with helping me get moved out then (spoiler: she did literally nothing to help me with moving anyways). If I was not able to find a different place to go live, I would be going back to my abusive mom's house, whether I liked it or not.

It was over, and I felt like a massive failure to myself, to NR, and to everyone who had helped me make it there. I felt like I had let everyone down. Regardless, I still needed to try my best to find somewhere else so I wouldn't have to go back to my mom's house, and wanted to start asking about it and stuff. I asked the two of them if it would be okay to share what was going on in my small private Discord group. They seemed hesitant, and told me not to go into detail about everything, but that I could just mention that I was having to leave. They figured it would be okay since "no one in that chat would be stupid enough to think they were doing anything wrong and get mad at them." Given everything, and what would end up happening soon after, I can't help but feel like this was them wanting to keep me quiet, and not wanting this all to get out.

Nowadays, I guess I look back at all of this and heavily question if this was really okay of them or not if that's okay to say. They knew how horrible living at my mom's house was, and how much it had scarred me and left me traumatized, but they were still perfectly willing to send me back there despite that, and for reasons that I can't help but feel was very questionable. I really don't mean to act like I did nothing wrong ever or was perfect or anything like that, I know I made some mistakes, and had a lot of struggles, but even so, I was never doing anything horrible, or anything to harm them at all, the worst I ever did was accidentally wake one of them up one night, which again, I apologized for and made sure to never do again. Even then, most

of the stuff they got so mad at me for and were so hard on me for were struggles I was having, like with my social skills, depression, trauma, and stuff like that, and they also never did anything to help me deal with those better at all, they just got mad at me for them and pressured me heavily to fix them, and even then, it was never for the sake of my health or me feeling better and stuff like that, it was only ever because I was somehow an inconvenience to them because of those things or wasn't useful enough to them. I wasn't even struggling in ways that would have been bothering to them or anything. Like, I wasn't trying to hide that I was struggling or anything, and was still trying to gradually get better at communicating with them about it when I could, but I wasn't doing anything to scare them or harm them or anything, and I always made sure of that. By that time, I was just keeping to myself in my room and being quiet or sleeping mostly, mostly only ever interacting with them briefly when I went to go to the bathroom or take a shower and stuff.

I guess it also just really doesn't feel good to have been worried about being able to contribute enough financially and stuff before I went there, being reassured and promised that that stuff didn't matter too much and that what was most important as my safety and me being there and being happy and being able to heal and all that, only to be kicked out immediately when I found out I was gonna be losing my disability money. I guess it also doesn't help that this came after I had spent almost all of my money in my wallet on them, for stuff like paying a lot if not most of the down payment on the new house, helping buy a new desk and mattress for Addison, usually if not always giving them money to help buy groceries with, and other stuff, and like, I didn't mind doing any of that at all, I was happy to be able to contribute and stuff, but I guess it just kind of hurts to be told to leave as soon as I found out I wouldn't be as helpful with that stuff anymore, and for them to not even acknowledge any of it either, even when before they had told me I was contributing a lot financially. Other than food, which I used the government money on, helping them was pretty much all that I spent my own money on during my time there actually. I only ever bought one thing for myself, and that was only about \$8 I think, so its not like I was recklessly wasting money or anything like that. Looking back, it definitely feels like they cared a lot more about my money and my ability to do things to benefit them than they did about me and my well being and all that, despite everything they promised me before going there. Even looking back at when Rachael asked me about the disability situation the day before, she specifically said that her only concern was that "how would I be able to help with rent" when I guess I feel like maybe there should be other things concerning to you about a friend losing their only source of income.



And like, I wanna clarify, I had no problem with being asked to help with rent and stuff, again, I wanted to help, but I guess I just really don't appreciate her going hard landlord mode on me about it all of a sudden, when it hadn't been a issue before or anything, and going against what they told and promised me before, like I mentioned.

I also don't know how to feel about the fact that if they were to send me back to live with my mom, which did end up happening, then everything everyone did to help me get out and make it there would have all been for nothing. Like, so many people were generous enough to donate lots of money to help me, and we raised over \$2000 that people gave to us so that I could go there and live safely finally, and that would all end up being wasted. Not only that, but NR also used their own money a lot to help, and would end up spending a lot of their own money on getting me a expensive taxi ride and plane ticket back, since I didn't have nearly enough money to afford them at that point, and those two wouldn't end up helping any.

And like, I don't they're obligated or required to keep me there after all that, like if I was being abusive to them or doing stuff to hurt them a lot then I would understand, but the thing is, I wasn't, and I promise that. I was being kicked out for reasons that felt very petty, like all the communication stuff, which, for the record, was never anything like me trying to hide important stuff from them or hating them behind their backs or lying or anything hurtful, it always just amounted to me feeling scared or shy and having some difficulty expressing myself, and not specifically coming to them and letting them know when I was feeling down or whatever, even though thinking about it, if I ever did gradually get into the habit of doing that, they probably would have complained about that being annoying or whatever. And then there was the fact that I had been struggling with depression and trauma, and like, I understand that they wouldn't always be in a good position to deal or help with that stuff, but the thing is, again, I never vented or expressed it around them much, like, I didn't hide it, and they knew I was dealing with that stuff, but just had been keeping to myself while trying to cope with it, and wasn't doing anything to bother them or anything, yet it still stressed them out too much apparently. Also, they never did anything to help me deal with that stuff any better (they only ended up making it a lot worse as I'll get to later), which, again, thats fine, they're not required to or anything like that, but I guess it bothers me that they instead decided to get mad at me for it and stuff and send me back to a place where it would only get worse and I would be in a lot of danger, despite even some of their friends expressing that that wouldn't be a good idea and that it would be better for me to stay and try to seek therapy and stuff.

Rachael did kind of apologize to me for inviting me to stay there when kicking me out, saying she didn't think about how I would probably have trauma from my life with my mom, and how she was sorry but she "couldn't be my savior." I at least appreciate her acknowledging that, but still, I guess I wonder if thats really enough and taking enough responsibility and stuff, given the circumstances and how literally thousands of dollars from others were getting wasted because of this.

I do want to mention though there was one issue I understood though, which was that I would be required to sign a lease and stay there for 2 years apparently, and that part I understood

when I was already having issues there and stuff, but still, I could have stayed and worked on those issues without being sent off to a very dangerous place instead, and the rest of this still just didn't feel right to me.

After that conversation was over, I went back to my room feeling really bad, told some others what was going on while being vague about it like they wanted me to, and started trying to look for a new place to go live. During this time, my depression was still very bad, and had been at an all time low for me for a while at this point, and I was also dealing with trauma related stuff like getting bad flashbacks, thinking I was hearing voices that weren't there, and other stuff.

Unfortunately, even though I asked everyone I could think of and looked around and everything, it was quickly becoming apparent that there would be no other options for me but to move back to my mom's house, where I had escaped from before, and naturally I felt terrified, I didn't want that at all, and was desperately hoping for some possible way to not have to go back.

Feeling stuck and scared, I consulted our group chat that we had always used for stuff related to moving, the two of them being in there too. I asked if anyone had any ideas of anything I could do and asked about and tried thinking of possibilities myself, though admittedly the ones I did think of were pretty irrational and unreasonable. One of the only ones I could think of was to try begging my blood family if they would be willing to pay for me to live somewhere in Texas nearby or something. It was, again, a really irrational and unreasonable thought though, as I was just really desperate to not go back to that abusive place, and Rachael pointed that out really quick, which I understood and apologized for, and then we moved on to discussing other options. At the time, I was also having really scary and bad irrational fears, like how maybe there was no hope of me finding anywhere else or that I would be forced to do bad things or be a bad person to have a safe place to live, and I made the mistake of expressing those fears to them, which they most likely used against me. At one point, since it was one of the only other things I could think of, I asked NR if they would maybe like to get a place together nearby. I thought that would be okay to ask since I knew they wanted to live close to all of us, and that seemed like one of the only possibilities for that still even though it wasn't exactly what we were wanting. Before NR could even give an answer to that though, Rachael immediately stopped me, scolding me for asking, saying that I already knew that wasn't what NR wanted, and how they had already agreed that NR would be moving in with them specifically. I understood and apologized, but to be honest, thinking back to this now, I honestly don't think she was concerned with what NR wanted here, but more so herself, not wanting to lose out on their money.

Eventually, we didn't really find any definite solution, but we concluded that for the time being I should just try to use my remaining time there to keep asking around and looking for any possible options, and other than those few times where Rachael had quickly pointed out that stuff I was suggesting was irrational and not good, there was no arguments or fighting or anything, it remained a peaceful conversation. I was very panicky and distraught given the situation and everything, but I did manage to calm down and tried to stay positive and stuff, and eventually I went to sleep for the night, not knowing that I was about to be put through some of

the worst hell I've ever gone through in my life, and that I would be forced out of there much sooner than I thought.

The next day, I woke up at some point, and intended on sleeping a little more, but before I did, I decided to check my phone to see if anything was happening on Discord or Twitter or whatever, and what I saw was very concerning and scary.

Checking Discord, I saw that Rachael had left almost every single Discord group that she was in with me, including ones that weren't even being used anymore, and ones like my personal group and moving chat that still were, and she never gave any explanation for why or anything. I felt very concerned seeing this, and then I decided to check Twitter too, and it got even worse. Rachael had unfollowed every single one of my Twitter accounts, kicked me from her private one, and again, had never given me any explanation or anything for any of this, she did it all while I was asleep, without saying anything.

Seeing all of this, I felt incredibly confused and incredibly scared. I wasn't sure why she was doing all of this stuff all of a sudden and why she didn't tell me or anything. I wasn't sure if I had done something horribly wrong and didn't realize it, or if she wanted a break from me or something, or if she heard noises from my room because of the incredibly thin walls and interpreted them as bad things, my head was going through lots of different possibilities, and I was just really scared, I didn't know what was going on.

I felt very afraid to leave my room, as I heard her in the main room and was very afraid of what would happen if I came out, but I needed to go to the bathroom, so I made myself do that. On the way there, I stopped and asked Rachael if she was doing okay and stuff. I didn't have nearly enough courage to straight up ask her about all that stuff, I was too scared to, and just hoped if I started a conversation with her or something then she would mention it, but she didn't. She just told me she was good and stuff, and so I went to go potty and then just went back to my room, now feeling even more confused.

Once again, I was feeling horribly scared and confused, and no one was telling me or talking to me about anything. I forced myself to just sleep through the day, and made the best of the night, and then slept again, with all of this still in the back of my head scaring me a lot. I was very afraid to sleep to be honest, because I felt horrified that bad things would happen during my sleep again that I would wake up to.

A day later, things would get worse. I got out of bed, checked my computer briefly (nothing was out of the ordinary at the time), and then went to take a shower. On the way to the shower, I remember briefly talking with Rachael about something, but it was nothing major or important, and I just went to take my shower, still feeling scared. After taking my shower, I went back to my room and went to my computer like normal, and saw that while I was in the shower, Rachael had now quietly kicked me from her Discord server, without saying anything at all to me about it, or why she was doing this, or anything, and with that, my fear got even worse.

At this point, I feel like I should mention that I suffer from RSD (rejection sensitive dysphoria), and because of that, I am, and have always been very very sensitive to any slight things that could imply to me that others hate me, don't want me around, and other stuff similar to that, even when there's usually no intent of that stuff, and so this stuff, getting shown very clear signs of actually being unwanted or hated, being kicked from servers secretly, all while being told nothing, naturally freaked me out and was having a horrible effect on my mental health, which was already at an all time low before this.

Admittedly, at the time, I didn't know about RSD, I only heard about it and realized it was something I suffered from after I left that place, but I've had the symptoms of it for several years. I'm not saying that Rachael should have known that I have RSD necessarily, I don't know if she knows about what it is really, but she's someone I've known for several years, I think around 7 or more years at the time, and throughout that time, I've been open on my private accounts and to others and everything about my struggles with stuff like worrying that others hate me or are mad at me, having lots of anxiety and a lot of times having panic attacks over that stuff, etc., and since she's someone who's been a close friend of mine throughout most of that time, and has always followed my private accounts and been in calls with me and all that, she undoubtedly knew this, she knew I struggled a lot with that kind of stuff. Rachael (and Addison too since they had also been doing stuff like this to me, just on a lesser scale) knew what they were doing with these actions, and would have known what kind of effect they would have on me, and still did them. And given how low my mental health already was (which both of them also knew about), combined with how badly I suffer from RSD, these things weren't just little petty things that were kinda shitty or anything like that, this stuff was very very fucking dangerous, and sadly, that would show in my final days there.

At this point, I was very much being pushed as far as I could possibly go mentally, I genuinely couldn't take anything else at this point. I had already been struggling with trauma from my mom and all that at this point, but now it was actually starting to flare up even more. The two of them had established themselves as a threat to me, and as a result, I was having very bad fear and mentally shut down upon just hearing them nearby, or really just in general, I was just terrified of them, and in the new house, either because the door to my room didn't close properly, or because the walls were very thin, I was able to hear literally everything from the main room, I remember hearing them in calls or talking to each other, hearing Rachael rant a lot about and mock one of her partners, hearing them walk around, hearing Rachael repeatedly snap her fingers and very loudly clear her throat, and a lot of that stuff is burned into my memory now. I remember having lots of trouble sleeping a lot of the time, and laying in bed trying my best to while hearing her talk in calls, I remember being in a call with someone one night and beginning to have a panic attack upon hearing them walk around and hearing the wood floor creak, it was all terrible, I was unable to feel any peace there. I remember shortly after realizing that I maybe suffered from PTSD, a friend of mine told me to try taking deep breaths and stuff and trying to remind myself that I was no longer in danger, that I was in a safe place now and far away from anyone who could hurt me, but I couldn't do that anymore, because I really wasn't in a place where I could feel safe anymore. I was experiencing a lot of the same trauma responses I had gotten all the time back at my mom's house. The place I was in was no longer a safe place and

an escape from that horrible place that I had lived at my whole life, it had become not much better, a horrible and unsafe feeling place in it's own ways. It felt like I was in hell.

I've only been open about one instance of it, that I'll get to later, but in truth, this stuff was pushing me past my limit, I legitimately couldn't take anymore, and as a result of that, at this point, I fully admit, I was making serious attempts to take my life every single night, while also making sure to be quiet with it to avoid making them more mad at me. Thankfully, none of them worked, but it was still something I was having to go through constantly at this point.

With everything that had been happening now, and with how bad they were continuously hurting my mental health, I had to give up on trying to find a new place to go, and decided to just go back to my abusive mom's house. They had given me until the end of April before it would have to come to that, like I mentioned earlier, but to be honest, with how things were going there and with them doing all of this stuff to me and continuously pushing me and my mental health this hard, I couldn't take it anymore. When I told my blood family that I was coming back, they initially told me to wait and make sure my remaining stuff got sent back there before I left, but I couldn't even wait that long. It feels weird or ironic that I was now desperate to get back to my mom's house, especially after all of the horrible stuff I had to go through with getting out of there, but I really couldn't take anymore at all living with Rachael and Addison, and even if it was incredibly scary, I just tried to be hopeful that maybe I would find another opportunity after going back there or something. I dunno, I just didn't wanna go through all of this anymore. I was scared and they were making my life complete hell, I just wanted it to stop, I just wanted out of that place even if I was going back to another horrible place. I told them I was going back to my mom's house, Rachael told me they would take care of sending my remaining stuff back to me (this would lead to more shit later) and then I just prepared to get out of there.

Eventually I also left Twitter for a while, at least my main one, and just stayed on my private. With everything that had been happening, I didn't even feel safe on there anymore. I felt too scared to tweet or say anything. I deactivated my main Twitter that I had used for years, and also my private account too for partially the same reason, starting a new one and starting over. Maybe it's irrational or whatever, but I honestly did feel scared to do anything, even breathe, at this point. I felt hated and horribly unsafe.

I had to get both a taxi and a plane ride to get back to my mom's house, and since I had used up almost all of my money on those two, there would be no way I would be able to afford them, and there was no way the two of them would ever help with that, so NR had to pay for it all, which was over \$700. I know there wasn't much choice, but I still hated that that had to happen, and that they had to spend so much money on helping me get out of there, especially with how much money they had already spent with stuff relating to all of this.

On my last night there before I would leave the next day, all of the stuff that was happening was still getting to me a lot, and I wanted to at least try to leave on as good of a note as I could, as well as actually know of anything I was doing wrong that caused all of this so that I could at least

know and could work on improving myself and stuff, so even though it was terrifying, I decided to just go to Rachael directly, where we would have our last conversation.

I started by coming to her and trying to just apologize for everything. I apologized for not being good enough at communicating, and for all of the other issues they had with me while I was there, and told her I maybe could have done better, or that I could have tried harder. To be fully honest though, I didn't entirely mean that though thinking back, I was sorry for causing trouble and everything for them, but to be honest, I really did try my best, I tried as hard as I could to please them, even if it wasn't good enough in the end. At this point, I just wanted to leave on as good of a note as I could, I didn't want to be hated.

I still didn't directly ask about all the stuff they had been doing the past few days yet, but Rachael began to talk to me about it (at least presumably, tbh I don't remember her directly mentioning those things at all, I just assume the stuff she talked with me about here was the reason).

She was very clearly annoyed at me and didn't seem like she wanted to talk to me about stuff, but she began finally talking to me about her concerns and all that. She told me how "that incident" in our moving chat a few nights prior (like I mentioned earlier, it was just a conversation mostly with me expressing some fear briefly, there really was no incident) had convinced her that she needed to step away from me and stuff.

She also told me how she felt that I had a problem with being too dependent on my blood family and was too willing to ask them for help with stuff like money, and to be honest, even though my experience here was still negative, this was at least something I was able to take away from it all, as it was something that I hadn't realized and that made sense to me, and I focused really hard on getting better with that after leaving there, which I think benefited me a lot, so I at least very much appreciate being told that despite everything else.

Other than that though, this felt so shitty to me to be honest. I didn't want to say anything at the time, I just wanted to listen to her and stuff, but thinking back to all of this afterwards and even now, I hate it a lot, and my head feels like a mess trying to process all my thoughts about it. She could have very easily just talked to me about this stuff, especially given how small this was, and she even mentioned how she had felt that stuff before too but still just never talked to me about it. She had talked to me and had conversations about other stuff before, and there were no issues that came from that (or at least none that would have discouraged or scared her from doing so again), so like, I don't see why this would have been any different. She instead went and did all of this honestly scummy shit to me, trying to do all of it behind my back while hoping I just somehow wouldn't notice, said nothing to me, made me feel so fucking terrified and uncomfortable, triggered my RSD horrifically, actually legitimately gave me fucking trauma that I still suffer really badly from to this day, all of this stuff while I was already at a dangerously low point with depression and PTSD which she knew about, and all of this ended up being done on a whim and over small shit that could have just been talked about and worked through LIKE IT JUST FUCKING WAS. Even if she talked to me about that stuff and still wanted to step away or



whatever, that would have been fine because at least she would have actually told me instead of putting me through the absolute hell she put me through.

At this point I had known her and been her friend for like 6 or 7 years, we've known each other for a very long time, and I was under the impression that we could trust each other. I remember early on during my time living there or right before, she even showed me a list of names that she had, telling me how "this is the list of people I trust the absolute most and trust 100%, and look! You're on it!" I remember at the time that made me happy, I was happy that my friend was able to trust me that much and everything, but given all of this, I guess that was just a lie, in reality she couldn't actually trust her "friend who she trusts 100%" enough to even talk to me about a few concerns they had, and decided to just torture them instead. This all happening after all the pressure they put on me about being open and communicating more with them and stuff doesn't help at all either, it feels disgustingly hypocritical, and if I can defend myself a bit in that regard, again, at least that stuff with me was only ever just stuff like me feeling too scared or nonverbal to straight up tell them that I was sad sometimes or whatever, or that I used my private Twitter to communicate it most of the time instead of face to face, at least it was never stuff that was actually super harmful and scary like what they did to me.

It also hurts knowing that Rachael herself has a trigger for having stuff done to her in her sleep, and being made to wake up to scary things, and thus knows how scary that kind of stuff is, yet despite that she still did that same thing to me, doing stuff to me while I was asleep and in the shower. For a long time after all of this, I felt scared to sleep and wake up each day because of what she did to me.

It also feels so bad to have spent so much time with her, having spent hours a lot of times talking with her, and being there a lot of times to give them hugs and support, sit with them to help them and stuff while they were going through tough stuff, and lots of other stuff like that, only to end up just being slapped in the face like this in return. To clarify, I'm not someone who expects or wants a reward or anything like that for being nice to people and stuff, I see that as just something I want to do, especially for people I know and care a lot about, but I guess I did just want to be treated like a friend and all that, and by this point, I really wasn't, and it hurt me a lot.

I guess I'll also mention now that I never did and never would learn why Addison also did the stuff they did, they never told me anything at all, and I still have no idea to this day, although I could probably make some guesses and stuff.

There was a lot more that we talked about in our last conversation after this stuff too.

I guess this was technically part of the stuff she talked to me about first, but at one point I remember her talking about how I ran away from my house and from my blood family and everything, and she said how "I bit the hand that fed me" which coming from her, who was there throughout my situation getting there, and knew how terrible that was, how abusive they were,

how little choice I had, and everything else, I hated this a lot, and it felt so nasty to me, even if it was just a passing comment or whatever.

She also told me at one point how she unfollowed my private Twitter because “it just puts her in a bad mood.” She never elaborated or anything on this, and the only thing I can assume from this is that she thought my depressing thoughts were bothersome, or that I was tweeting on there too much or something, which at the time I was, given that I was going through heavy depression and now all of this stuff. What confuses me is that from what I understand, with both me and others, she was always someone who just had most private accounts muted, and I assumed that was true for mine too since she very rarely ever responded to anything on there or anything, but towards the end of my time there she was bringing up stuff on there as if she was suddenly starting to pay close attention to it for some reason, even though it apparently put her in a bad mood. I also don’t know how okay it really is to tell someone dealing with bad depression and stuff like that how much their venting (in a private place that she chose to follow) bothers her or whatever, like I feel like that’s something that would only hurt someone more, and in my case, yeah it kinda did, ever since then I’ve felt very afraid to vent too much or say too much on my private Twitter in fear that others could get pissed off at me or leave me for it.

She also brought up a specific tweet on there that pissed her off apparently, one where all I said was that I was having bad thoughts and having fears of becoming like someone that we had previously been friends with, and since I used some language in the tweet that wouldn’t have been good for her, I put a content warning on it for her, which she ignored and read anyways for some reason, and then complained about how she didn’t like the tweet, with no real elaboration at all, and complained about me putting a content warning on it for her.

She brought up my relationship at the time also, telling me how she didn’t like it and didn’t like the dynamic I had with my partner, telling me stuff like how I was too dependent on her, which was something that me and my partner had already talked about before and had been working on, and also talked about how she felt that my partner has always had issues with her self worth and depression and stuff like that, talking about it being annoying but that she understands where it comes from or whatever, and Rachael told me that she thinks me being a dependent person like I am contributes to it and makes her problems a lot worse. I don’t know how to feel about this, especially given that it was coming from her and not from my partner herself or anything, but it did affect me, and over time I’ve noticed that I’m deeply afraid now to show any kind of dependency, as I don’t want to make anyone’s lives or struggles worse again or anything.

Rachael at one point also told me not to worry about her “army-building” against me or anything, saying that barely anyone but us knew about the stuff that happened in her house, and how she would never try to turn people against me or anything like that. I appreciated it, but also I guess I was a bit confused since the mistakes I made there were nothing that any of my friends would cut me off for or anything like that.

That was the end of our last conversation. Looking back at it and everything else now, I feel a lot of different things, as I've tried to express here, but at the time, I just tried to be happy that I was maybe getting to leave on decent terms with them and stuff. We even got to exchange hugs and

I tried to just say thank you and stuff for taking me in in the first place and all that, before eventually I went to my room and got ready to leave the next day. At the time I thought I was maybe happy, but in reality I really wasn't at all. Their actions had hurt me and damaged me so much, even if I hadn't fully realized it at the time, and by morning it was all beginning to set in and stuff.

I made it through the last night there, and the next day came. By that point, it was really setting in how bad everything felt. I had lost what I thought was going to be my future, I was about to go back to a very dangerous and abusive place, not knowing if it would be any better there or maybe even worse than before, and after everything, I also felt really lonely, I felt like I had still possibly lost some of my closest friends, and I felt like it as all my fault. I knew I also had hours of being alone and scared at airports ahead of me too, and in the end I wasn't going anywhere that would be worth it in the end. I didn't know where I was going to go in the future either anymore, or if I would ever even have a chance to live somewhere safe again, it felt like my life had really fallen apart and I was truly lost.

All of this was hurting so much, and I had no support at all at the time to help me feel better or anything, since it was early, and I knew I definitely couldn't go to those two for help anymore at this point. Very soon before it was time to leave, I took the last opportunity I had to make one more attempt on my life, which would be the closest I came to ending my life. I tried as hard as I could, and was close to being successful, but either because I wasn't strong enough, or because the wire wasn't tied properly, or something else, it fortunately didn't work. I tried several times, until eventually I gave up, miserable about it at the time. Looking back now, I'm happy it failed, and that I'm still luckily alive, but at the time, I really did just want to die...

My taxi eventually got there, and I said my goodbyes and headed out. I remember one of Rachael's partners asking where I was going, and her, for some reason, just telling them "a place" seemingly not wanting to answer. I also noticed one of the laces on my shoe was untied, and I asked Addison to help me with that, since I don't know how to properly tie them. They helped me and there wasn't any issues, but given stuff that happened before, I can't help but wonder if they were angry or annoyed at me for needing help with that. Addison also offered to help me take my luggage to the taxi, and I appreciated that. Once we were done, they also gave me a big hug and told me to stay safe and everything. This made me feel happy, and like they maybe did still care about me and want to be my friend and stuff despite everything, so I tried to hang onto that hope.

I would later learn though that it was entirely fake. Apparently the second I left, they openly expressed happiness about it and celebrated me going away, despite where I was going, and despite me not doing anything to them...

I really don't want to come off like I'm saying I'm perfect, or did absolutely nothing wrong or made no mistakes or anything, because I know I did, I mentioned every single one of them I remember from my time there earlier, but like, even though they were mistakes, they weren't anything horrible, at least, I don't think they were, and the things they addressed to me and stuff were talked about and apologized for and we seemed to move on from them, or at least I thought so anyways. There was some more serious mistakes and problems I had involving them years ago, and again, I acknowledge that too, but it was years ago, I had long since apologized and had grown as a person and bettered myself and stuff, and they themselves told me they didn't think about it anymore and had long moved past it all, so I had no reason to think that was involved at all either. Its hard for me to know how to properly say this, but I did nothing horrible to either of them when I was there, and I promise that, I promise that to every single person thats reading this, as hard as I possibly can.

With all of that in mind, it feels horrible, to have people I considered my close friends, one of them being someone I had even considered dating at one point, actively celebrate and be happy about this, while also faking being nice to me and being my friend. I was being kicked out and sent back to a horrible place, a place that was dangerous, and where, especially after running away from there once before, I didn't know what to expect, and they knew this. I didn't know what was going to happen to me, I was scared, and even if I didn't get hurt or killed, I didn't know at all what would become of my future at that point either, and the two of them were happy about that, they were just happy to have me gone from their house, regardless of what would happen to me afterwards. They were celebrating my pain, and it hurts so much to know that now. Addison hugging me and acting like my friend and telling me to stay safe, and then going back inside and celebrating me going back to that horrible place, it honestly feels so evil...

Knowing that also makes me wonder something else. Given how they were thrilled to have me out of there, I know they must have been wanting it and waiting for it, and that makes me wonder now if all of the stuff that was done to me in my final days there was done intentionally, as a way to scare me and force me out faster than the end of the month. I definitely know it was more than a mistake, and they both knew what they were doing, but I just wonder if that was their intention now.

After that, it was mostly just a long and lonely trip back to my mom's house. The only things of note that I remember was that the airport was really stressful and scary, and at one point I almost got seriously injured on an escalator from having to carry my PC with me through there, not like I had any choice with that though. After my trip back was over, I was back at my mom's house again. At first it seemed like maybe they were nicer to me and stuff? I wanted to believe that as some kind of relief, but that didn't last long at all, they very quickly showed me that they were still horrible and abusive people.

The first night there again was horrible too. No one was around to talk, so it was lonely, and all of the scary thoughts I was having continued to bother me a lot. At one point, it was recommended that I call and go to a psychiatric clinic, but I never did, knowing that I would probably get yelled at or punished for it by my mom, so I just tried my best to deal with it all.

April 11 was the day that I left their house and went back to my mom's house, and I still remember it today as one of the worst and darkest days of my life.

I wish I could say that that was the end of this all and everything, but unfortunately, things would still somehow get worse with them even after I was gone.

Contact between us would mostly cease after I left. I would only talk with Rachael one time afterwards, which I'll get to later, and I never interacted with Addison ever again, despite them acting like they still wanted to be my friend and stuff when I was leaving. A little bit after, they quietly left my small group chat also, without saying anything about why or anything to me in general, which made me sad at the time, but after everything that had already happened, I guess I can't be too surprised now.

The really concerning stuff though is that as soon as I left that place, I immediately began to see weird and concerning things happening with others. I mentioned before that I had made a new private Twitter not long before leaving there, I think it might have been made the night before actually, and after a while I began to notice stuff like several of my friends not following me again on there and not allowing me to follow them, which made me feel a bit scared. After a while I would also notice a lot of my friends just kind of stopped talking to me at all after I left, even some that were some of my closer friends and who would at least sometimes message me and say hi and interact and stuff despite me being shy to start conversations myself. To skip ahead a little bit, this kind of stuff would also continue when I came back to Twitter publicly with my new account and stuff, as a lot of friends wouldn't follow me again, even when I followed them.

Given the timing and the fact that all of these friends were also friends with the two of them, some of them being really close and stuff, I have little doubt that this all had to do with them, and that means 2 things.

That thing she told me in our last conversation about "not army building against me" and keeping quiet about the stuff that had happened in her house and all that? I guess technically it maybe wasn't a lie, but it would mean they went against that immediately afterwards.

The terrifying thing about this to me though is that, again, I never did anything to them that would cause others to want to cut me off or anything like that. Like, I knew all of these people, and at least with most of them, I can say for certain they wouldn't suddenly stop being my friend because of stuff like accidentally waking them up one night or having some really irrational thoughts sometimes while in scary situations or any of the other stuff, especially when it was all addressed and apologized for and everything. This means that theres a very real and honestly very very likely possibility that the two of them have been lying to others about me, and I have no idea at all what they've been saying, or how bad those lies have been, which only makes this even more horrifying to think about. For a very long time now I've had to feel very afraid of the two of them possibly spreading horrible lies to others, and also not knowing who I could trust anymore, as even though lots of people still associated with them are great people, I know they

trust them, and I have no idea who they've said stuff to, or what they could have said, or anything. Admittedly, even with the friends I still do have now, I've felt very afraid of stuff like this too, as I've been scared that they could have easily been lied to by them and hate me behind my back now, and something that would end up happening a bit later would sadly only make those fears worse.

All of this made me feel more lonely and like I had lost even more than I initially thought. I had already been very sad and distressed at the thought that I had maybe lost two of my closest friends, along with all of my plans for my future at the time, and now the two of them had seemingly taken away a lot of my other friends, they were doing things to further hurt me even more, and severely limited the number of people I could talk to. I thankfully was still able to talk with a few others regularly, and that definitely helped me a lot and helped me begin to recover, but this still hurt a lot.

I think around this time was when I had also began to think more about everything that had happened there, and how the two of them treated me and everything, and began to question things about it all, as well as truly realize that I had been hurt bad by the two of them, and that it maybe wasn't justified. It would be many months before I would be able to confidently come to conclusions on how I felt or even feel comfortable with implying that the two of them may have done some bad things, as I was very very reluctant and scared to have my own opinions on them, and also terrified of the backlash that could come from that. There weren't many people that I could really talk to about it all, and the best I could do was sometimes ask some questions about stuff without mentioning them and ask about things I didn't understand fully, and very gradually I would be able to realize more and even open up a bit more about everything, but this would last me pretty much the whole year, even now I'm still realizing some new things.

At some point very shortly after I had made my new public Twitter, I came across Rachael's account and noticed that I had been blocked. Once again, there was no explanation given or anything said to me or anything like that, we had left off in our last conversation with saying we maybe just needed a break from each other and would still probably be friends and stuff again eventually, and we hadn't talked or anything since I left her house. At this point, I thought about it, and even though doing so was scary, I was fed up with this shit at this point, and I was done with all of these shitty mind games, and so I went ahead and blocked her too, at least for a while.

Not too long after that, I also noticed that Addison had also blocked me, even though I hadn't talked with them at all since I left either. This was expected and whatever at that point though.

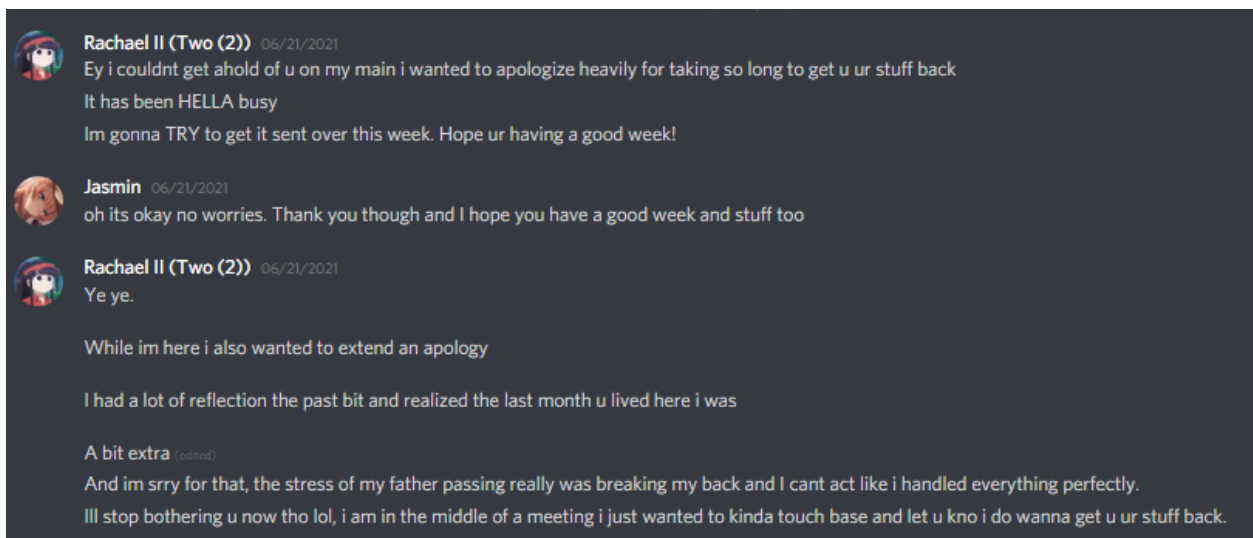
Other than me still struggling and coming to terms with stuff and all that, along with realizing around this time probably that I was maybe suffering from trauma from this stuff (but feeling too scared still to admit it at the time), the only other thing that happened of note around this time was that NR eventually went to move in with the two of them, like they had been planning on for a while at that time.

Sometime before it was time for them to go, I did make an attempt to talk to them about at least some of the stuff with the two of them, namely the stuff that Addison had done in regards to their money, but it fell on deaf ears from what I could tell. They didn't acknowledge it when I tried to tell them, and so I figured they didn't care to hear it, and I dropped it. To this day, I still wonder if I should have tried harder or something, but then again, at that time I was still only just coming to terms with that and not wanting to accept it myself, so I don't know. Moving there was still something they planned on doing and wanted to do, and I didn't want to get in the way of that and stuff, even if I was worried.

They made it there safely, and that's where they are to this day. We haven't been as close since then, I think we both knew it would be very hard to call and talk consistently after then, since Rachael and Addison were both very much triggers for me by then, even if I didn't wanna admit it, but we're still friends, and I still think they're a great person. I just worry a lot about them, and if they've been okay there, and will be and everything, after everything that happened. I don't know much at all about their time there, but I haven't heard of anything terrible happening for now at least. I've just tried to tell myself that maybe since they're more able to work and provide money for them, and since they had to sign a contract upon getting there and stuff like that, that they'll hopefully see them as having more worth, and not want to do anything to hurt them like they did with me. That's what I've hoped at least...

At some point, I out of nowhere got a message from Rachael, the first time either of them had said anything to me after I left their house, and naturally I was very surprised. She told me how she was going to finally be sending my stuff to me soon, since that still hadn't been sent at the time, and also said sorry for not doing it sooner. Other than being tortured by my mom for it a lot, I didn't mind too much I guess, as long as I eventually got some of it back, so I never said anything and was just being patient with it.

She also took the time to say sorry to me for the last month or so that I was there, saying how she was stressed from her father dying a month prior to then, and how the way she treated me was "a bit extra."



When I first got this, to be honest I felt happy, and I immediately just accepted this. At the time, I was struggling a lot with this stuff, and desperately wanted some kind of closure. I didn't think about it too hard, and wanted to think that with this, everything could be over and I could maybe finally be at peace with all of this (no). I also sympathized with her father passing away and stuff, and felt like it would maybe be insensitive or something to not accept this with that in mind.

Looking back at this now though, I sadly realize that multiple things point to this apology being kind of fake.

First off, the thing about her sending me my stuff back? That would end up being kind of a lie, which I'll get to later.

Second, she never unblocked me on Twitter after this despite acting like we were all good and had no bad blood between us anymore or anything.

Third, she apologized, but at no point did she ever mention anything specific that she did or said to me, and so even though she did a lot, I have no idea what stuff she's referring to and is actually sorry for, especially since a lot of the worst stuff was supported by Addison, who also joined in on some of it too, and btw, Addison wasn't going through anything at the time, in fact from what I remember they said they were having a happy streak for a while during that time, so they don't have anything like that to consider with them. So like, I don't know what she's sorry for and what she's not, or if she's even really sorry for anything.

I do feel sorry and sympathize with her still with the loss of her father, I really do, I was there when that all happened and I know that stuff was a lot for her to go through. At the same time though, I'm really not sure how much of an impact it really had on all of the stuff that happened. I don't deny that maybe one or two things were maybe done or said irrationally from stress or something like that, but a lot of the really bad and shitty stuff wasn't until about a month after his death, and it's also not like she hadn' been saying or doing questionable or bad things before



then as well. Also, most of the stuff wasn't spur of the moment or anything either, a lot of it was continuous, or clearly had thought put into it and stuff, and some of it, notably the stuff with them quietly unfollowing my Twitters, kicking me from theirs', leaving most of the groups we shared, and kicking me from her server all while I was asleep or in the shower, felt deliberate I guess the word would be, like, she knew what she was doing. Also, even aside from all of that, even if everything she did to me was done out of stress and stuff, she still would have taken out her problems on me, she still gave me bad trauma that I've been told I may never fully recover from, this isn't something small that can just be brushed off or excused with that. I really really don't want to be insensitive with this, and to be honest I feel bad for saying all of this when she mentioned that. I really want to be understanding of this stuff, but I don't think ignoring all of this would be the right answer. This is complicated and sensitive, and I'm really sorry if I showed any insensitivity, it's really not my intent at all.

I also feel bad with criticizing this apology and stuff, because the way she talked to me here and stuff was really nice I guess. But to be honest though, I guess that maybe makes me feel a bit more suspicious, after all, this wouldn't be the first time she's faked kindness.

I haven't mentioned this yet, but Rachael kinda prided herself in how good she was at being fake with others, and yes I'm being serious about that, as weird as it sounds. I remember months before I went to live with them, she mentioned that to me and others I think, saying how she's really good at faking being super nice and stuff, and she's shown it in practice too, to which it works from what I've seen. I guess to share a bit of a pattern or tell with that, if you ever notice her being really giggly and doing sudden nice laughs and stuff, she's being fake with you. Thinking about it, she's been like that with me and others several times, and the way she talked in parts of this apology kinda gave me vibes of that maybe. Looking back, I maybe should have seen her bragging about that kinda thing as a bit of a red flag maybe, but she was one of my closest friends, I had no reason at the time to think she would ever be like that with me and others...

To be honest, the same feels kinda true for Addison. I've already mentioned how they talked up being my friend and caring about me lots and loving me and all that, and then did things like subtweeting me when I had a panic attack and celebrating when I left there after faking concern for me and everything, and that and other stuff definitely leads me to believe they were often super two-faced and fake with me and others. When talking to them I remember they would always present themselves as seemingly super nice and caring and stuff but I think now that it was all just an act, they really aren't like that.

Eventually, I did get my stuff back (it was stolen from me immediately after it got here so I can't confirm stuff like the condition or if anything was missing or whatever), and I appreciated it. At a later point though, I found out some things regarding that though.

Even though Rachael said that she was going to send it to me and stuff, and that we had agreed on her doing that and handling paying for it and stuff before I left there months earlier, SHE never did, she actually had NR pay for it all, and thinking about it, they were the one who had to

take care of sending it too. This was after they already had to pay over \$700 I think to cover me getting back to my mom's house after the two of them kicked me out, and after Addison had seemingly manipulated \$300 out of them with the stuff I mentioned earlier, so when I found out about this, I didn't feel happy at all. They already lost so much money from all of this, and now, even if it was just \$50 or whatever, they were having to be the one to pay for this too, when it's something that Rachael had agreed to pay for herself. I feel really bad for them with all of this, and when I've seen them going through money troubles at later points, I've honestly felt frustrated knowing that they could have had a lot more money if not for these two.

At this point, I think I've pretty much covered the timeline of events with me living with these two and the aftermath stuff. I don't think there's much else to say other than I've just still been suffering from the trauma from it all.

I'm not done just yet though, as there's actually still a few things and events that I want to talk about involving them, as they're REALLY bad and I think really illustrate some of the problems with Rachael and her character, and I just didn't know where I could have put these in the timeline.

The first thing was a situation in Rachael's server, which lasted over a year, including during the time I was living with them. There was a recurring problem in there where one of the people in the server was making unwanted sexual comments and advances towards others. Lots of people in there were very uncomfortable and unhappy with that, especially those that the comments were directed towards, and the person I believe was warned multiple times by Rachael to cut that stuff out. Despite the warnings however, the problem continued, the person still kept making unwanted comments and advances towards people, and despite it getting to a point where the person being kicked was justified and honestly necessary, Rachael kept refusing to, only continuing to give them repeated warnings, and repeatedly saying how they were on their last straw and stuff with the person, and this was as early as January last year.

Despite that, Rachael would not actually do anything about this problem until I believe December, letting this issue continue for over a year, despite lots of people in her server wanting something to be done much, much sooner. Her only reason that she would give for this repeatedly was that she "didn't want to start conflict" in her server or with the person, despite it being pretty unanimously agreed among the others in the server that something needed to be done, and despite Rachael never even being close or caring much about the person in question.

Rachael continued to let this issue stand and continued not to do anything about it for over a year, all because she didn't want to be inconvenienced with dealing with the problem. While she was continuing to do this, the problem still continued, both in and out of the server, multiple people were affected and hurt by it, and she just continued to let it happen, when to be honest, if she was being directly affected herself, I guarantee the person would have been out immediately. The problem got so bad to the point where apparently several people were reaching their absolute breaking point with it, and it's only then that Rachael finally acted and removed them from her server (and though I'm not sure, I've heard that she apparently somehow handled doing that badly as well).

I'm obviously not going to say that Rachael was responsible for this person's actions or anything, because of course not, but I am going to say that she enabled it. She could have done something about this at any point, and should have, but continued to just sit back and let it happen, to let multiple of her friends be affected by this, with multiple of her friends in her server, from what I remember, having triggers related to sexual stuff, and thus possibly being in legitimate danger with this, and she let all of this happen just because she didn't want to be bothered with dealing with it, and I think it's honestly fucking awful. This feels even more fucked to me considering that with me, she demonstrated that she's apparently very okay and willing to chuck out even one of her best friends without any problem or warning or anything, but still let this problem continue. Again though, Rachael was not one of the people being directly affected by this, at least not much, it wasn't inconveniencing her personally, while with me, she likely tried to quietly get rid of me as a cover up and to keep me quiet about things that happened while living with her, and I think that's the difference here.

From what I understand, multiple people did not want to be around the person in general, and wanted to cut them off or kinda get away from them, but they weren't able to for a long time due to all of this. They were apparently afraid and felt unable to do these things, despite being horribly uncomfortable, because of Rachael, since they feared that it would cause conflict like she wanted to avoid, and were afraid of her being upset at them in response. This may seem like an irrational fear, and something that wouldn't have actually happened, but as the next story I want to tell shows, these fears were 100% justified.

This next thing I wanna bring attention to was something from before my time living with them, at some point in 2020. There was a video that someone in her server made talking about a community of people and problems with them and stuff, and in that video, the person brought up the traumatic experiences of two people, using their names and everything from what I remember. Those people were never asked about it and did not at all consent to their experiences being used like that without their permission, and justifiably felt upset about it. They both let the person know how they felt about it in the comments, and I remember both of them being calm and nice about it too. Rachael, however, was angry about this, and remained upset about it even long after, saying to others, including me, how upset it made them, because "don't they realize that they could have caused conflict in my server?!" I don't know if either of them were ever told this directly by her, but still, two people were doing nothing but standing up for themselves when they felt mistreated, and faced strong criticism by Rachael for it, only because it was something that could have caused her inconvenience. I don't remember if Addison ever directly supported this, but I remember them showing annoyance towards it too, and being dismissive to one of the people who were upset about it.

This next thing is a bit tricky to talk about, as I don't want to go into any specifics, and want to be as vague as I can with some things, but I'll try my best. At one point, Rachael made a Twitter thread talking about someone else's abusive actions and how she was being hurt by them, and ended up facing backlash for it by others. After it was all over and stuff, Rachael shared anger

towards one of her friends, at least when talking to others, criticizing them and talking about how it was shitty of them and that they were a bad friend for not publicly supporting her on Twitter.

The thing is, at the time, said person was in a position where they were caught in the middle of two groups of people with the whole thing, and they themselves were also being faced with abuse and shitty actions from several different people, including a partner. I won't go into any detail about it, but the person was in very bad shape from it all and was having a horrible time. Others brought this up to Rachael, to give reason for why the person would not have been able to say much in the situation, but she dismissed it all, and in response to hearing that their partner was treating them very badly at the time, said that it "was their fault for dating a person that they should have known was bad." Regardless of the circumstances in this case, this is victim blaming. I don't remember Addison ever sharing any opinion on this. Also, this was not just spur of the moment irrational thoughts in response to everything, these opinions were held onto and shared for long after. Oh, and as I've found out, this is apparently not the only time they've victim blamed either.

One more thing I want to bring up is that Rachael was not respectful of other people's triggers or other things that made them uncomfortable, or more specifically, was selective in what ones she would choose to respect. From what I remember, she would typically try to respect them and be careful with them, unless it was one that inconvenienced her. In some cases, she and others would be reckless with these and not seem to care too much, and with some, she straight up complained about them, and said that the people needed to just get over them. She's even treated some people very badly for having triggers, doing things like complaining about them for it behind their backs, and making separate group chats just for the sake of excluding them. I also remember seeing her and others talk about someone's trigger and treat them as a bad person for it behind their back, before going back to acting like their friend around them and on Twitter and stuff. I remember once, Rachael talked to me about some of these, and justified not respecting them by saying that "it's because they come from a bad place, and it would be better for them to just get over them" or something along those lines, but even so, this all never felt good to me. I remember Addison also being supportive of this, and talking down on others for their triggers.

As all of these things I just talked about, along with a lot from my time living with them probably show, Rachael has a very big and recurring problem with being horribly selfish, to the point where I'd honestly say she's one of the most shockingly selfish people I've ever known. She puts herself, her problems, and what she wants first pretty much always, regardless of if doing so causes harm to others, which it does a lot. Even if others have serious problems or concerns or whatever, they don't seem to matter if doing something about them would cause inconvenience to her.

What I've also realized more and more is that Rachael, and some others close to her like Addison, hold a lot of power and influence over their friend group, to a point where it feels horribly unhealthy and toxic. As a lot of the stuff I just talked about, along with other stuff from earlier kinda show, she holds a lot of control over her friends, and a lot of the time it feels like

things have to go through or be approved by her even if they shouldn't have to. Like with the sexual misconduct problem, people have to feel forced to put up with discomfort and not be allowed to step away from people they feel uncomfortable with, because doing so could cause slight conflict and a slight inconvenience for Rachael. People cannot act on their own and stand up for themselves if they have a problem with another person in her server, or else potentially be called selfish and criticized for doing something that could potentially cause inconvenience to her. If others have triggers or things that make them uncomfortable, a lot of the time it's up to her and her closer friends if they get respected or not. If others feel uncomfortable with her herself or have problems with her, they have to fear stepping away from her or confronting her on a lot of things, as doing so could lead to being labeled as a shitty person, and her spreading that to others, regardless of how true it is, or could lead to her blowing up on them or being dismissive in response. This stuff has happened before, I've seen it, and I've been put through it personally. It feels like people have to fear her, and fear stepping out of line, thinking back personally, it was maybe one of the things that made communicating with her at times feel scary, even if I hadn't really realized it. It feels like she has a chokehold on her group of friends and those in her server, and I don't like it, it feels so wrong.

I don't think I have much more to say at this point, and I think I'm finally ready to give my final reflections and thoughts.

Living with Rachael and Addison ended up being one of the worst experiences of my entire life. I trusted both of them so much, and went to live with them with so much hope for the future, excited and happy, thinking that I was finally free from living in abuse, and could finally be able to live a good and happy life, but instead it ended up being terrible and left me with a lot more trauma on top of what I already had.

It took me a very long time to be able to process and come to terms with, but the two of them treated me horribly. They were incredibly uncaring to me, and my struggles with stuff like depression, trauma, and dependency, treating me worse, and like I was a lesser person because of them, and even if it was behind their backs, they did this stuff to others as well. They abled me, and criticized me for not being able to or good at doing certain things. They lied to me and several others often. I had my problems and struggles, which I acknowledge, but they responded to them in incredibly harmful ways that caused me a lot of pain and only made a lot of them worse. They made honestly small things into much bigger issues than they ever actually

were, notably with my eating habits and communication struggles. The latter of which, when I reflect on it now, was never as big of an issue as they made it out to be, I worked hard to be better with it, and by the end, I was able to mostly communicate what was important, like my needs and other stuff that should be known, but it was never good enough for them or not in the exact way they liked, and they punished and criticized me when I did communicate those things with them, which made the issue a lot more stressful and confusing. During everything, they also were always incredibly fake with me, and manipulated me into thinking they loved and cared about me lots, when in reality they didn't in the slightest, and that extremely nice and caring side of them they've always shown to me and others in calls and conversation has always been fake, and like a persona, they don't care about me or others nearly as much as they've acted like they do, as they made clear to me by the end. In the end, I found myself in a place that was very abusive and unhealthy in its own ways, and in some ways was even reminiscent to me of living with my mom, which I was made to return to without any care or concern from them. They enabled my abuse, and they celebrated it too. In the end, all of my hopes and excitement for getting to live with them was all completely wasted, and was all for nothing, as was mine and everyone else's efforts to get me there, and everyone's money that they generously gave for that purpose.

Everything that these two did to me left me in a very bad state, and caused me a lot of trauma, which I still suffer badly from to this day. They've haunted my thoughts almost every day for the past 9 months, I've had countless nightmares of them, I've heard their voices in my head, I've felt constantly afraid of them, and of them doing stuff to harm me again. Sometimes I still feel the need to lock my main Twitter out of fear for these two. The two of them are very big triggers for me, and I'm unable to handle seeing them, or even seeing mention of them a lot of the time, as remembering them makes me feel afraid and horribly unsafe, and scared that the two of them will always haunt me, that they'll always be a part of my life, and that I'll never truly be free from them.

I've had to think very often about all the things they made me think and feel as well. They made me feel like my depression and trauma, and related stuff like me venting, was bad of me, and that they made me a lesser person that people won't want to be around or will get sick of. They made me feel like being a dependent person like I've always been is wrong, and that I'll make people's lives worse as a result of it. They made me feel like all of my RSD worries, like friends and loved ones suddenly hating me and turning on me, or being hated behind my back, were not irrational, and were entirely justified, as that's what happened with them. They made me feel like I was a failure, and that any attempts I made to try again at moving out would just end the same way that living with them did, they made me feel hopeless. They made me feel scared of almost everyone and unsure of who I was able to trust. Some of the things they did and ways they treated me also made me feel used, for my money or for other things, and as a result I've also struggled with thinking that stuff like money is all I'm good for. For the longest time, I also felt scared I was maybe just crazy, or delusional for thinking these things and thinking negatively of them, and to an extent, I still worry about that. Though they've at least eased up over time, most of these are still things I continue to worry about and feel to this day, and I'm scared I may always feel these things to an extent.

I've been told that the trauma I have from them may be with me for life, it might not ever go away, so even if they ease a lot over time, my trauma, pain, and memories of them may stick around to some extent and continue to effect me permanently. Rachael and Addison have caused me probably the most trauma and pain out of any friends that I've had, and I feel scared that the same could happen to others as well.

The unfortunate thing about this doc that I realize is that, since most of the things talked about and described here were in person, or in places that I'm unable to reach now, there sadly is no hard evidence for a lot of it, and because of that, I'm aware that I could easily be branded as a liar, especially with how much influence the two of them have, and there maybe isn't a lot I can do about it if that happens unfortunately.

All I can say is that I have nothing to gain from lying about any of this. Coming up, I have a amazing life full of amazing things, all together with a wonderful person, to look forward to now, and I'm not going to throw that all away just to lie about some people I used to be friends with, especially when I would just get caught doing so, and when there wouldn't be any benefit for me to even do that in the first place. Even if I end up being mistaken about some things in this document, all of this is what I remember and how I interpreted it all, I promise you that.

In general, I don't really have anything to gain personally from sharing all of this to be honest, except for just finally getting it off my chest I guess. Speaking entirely personally, I would probably be better off and safer just ignoring and trying to forget about it all to the best of my ability, to just not mention it, especially when I see these people as dangerous, but I guess I just don't feel good about doing that, and continuing to hide all of this from most people. With some of the things that happened, both to me and to other people, I feel like others deserve to know about it, either because they themselves were affected, because I know they suffer from some of the same stuff I do, because they don't deserve to be lied to, or just in general. I want to help prevent this stuff from continuing to happen, and I also want to potentially help others who are in difficult positions because of these two. I also want to make others aware of some of the stuff that they've kept hidden and don't want people to know about, and I think Rachael should be held accountable for her harmful actions, as should Addison for both being a consistent enabler, and for their own actions.

All that being said though, I do not want any kind of war or fight or anything like that. Personally, I just want to get this all out there and be able to move on from there. I also don't want to put any loved ones or friends through any more stress than necessary. I have no plans to engage them unless they begin doing harmful things to others or to me in retaliation.

I'm not sure at the moment how much I want this doc to spread, or how public I want to be with it. I do want people to know about this all, like I said, but I also fear for other people's and my own safety. Given everything, I can 100% see them doing things to hurt people I'm close with and make their lives worse in response to this, and given how much they lie and manipulate

others, I also can't put it past them to possibly spread terrible lies about me or even go as low as to do things like create falsified evidence. Personally, I don't want this doc to ever get into their hands as a result, they're untrustworthy and dangerous to me, and I fear them a lot.

I wish Rachael and Addison the best, and I don't want them to be harmed in any way, but I don't want to talk to either of them again, I don't think I could even physically handle that to be honest, and I don't want to be their friend again either. My trust in them has been beyond broken at this point, and I'm not very willing to be forgiving of some of the more evil things they did especially.

From experience these past 9+ months, my life has been a lot happier and better away from them. I'm going to a better place now. If they try to better themselves and stuff, then that's good, and I do wish them and everyone around them the best, but I'm not going to be around to see it. I've known them for several years of my life, I've been around them for a very long time, but with this, I'm hoping to come as close as I can to finally saying goodbye.

I don't think I have anything else to say. If you gave me the time and read through all of this, then thank you, I appreciate it a lot. Feel free to ask me any questions or address any concerns or anything like that, just please be gentle. I'm willing to make adjustments to this if it's necessary or wanted. Everyone please take care.